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The TATLER.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

From *Tuesday October* 25. to *Thursday October* 27. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 26.

When I came Home last Night, my Servant deliver'd me the following Letter:

SIR, *Octob. 24.*

'I Have Orders from Sir *Harry Quickset*, of *Staffordshire*, Bar. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir *Harry* himself, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow* Kt. *Thomas Rentfree* Esq; Justice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill* Esq; and Mr. *Nicholas Doubt* of the *Inner-Temple*, Sir *Harry*'s Grandson, will wait upon you at the Hour of Nine to Morrow Morning, being *Tuesday* the 25th of *October*, upon Business which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by Word of Mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many Persons of Quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, tho' by many Year's Absence since I saw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I receiv'd this Message with less Surprize than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagin'd; for I knew the good Company too well to feel any Palpitations at their Approach: But I was in very great Concern how I should adjust the Ceremonial, and demean my self to all these great Men, who perhaps had not seen any Thing above themselves for these Twenty Years last past. I am sure that's the Case of Sir *Harry*. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great Point in adjusting my Behaviour to the simple Squire, so as to give him Satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*. The Hour of Nine was come this Morning, and I had no sooner set Chairs, (by the Steward's Letter) and fix'd my Tea Equipage, but I heard a Knock at my Door, which was open'd, but no one enter'd; after which follow'd a long Silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your Pardon; I think I know better: And another Voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles* — I look'd out from my Window, and saw the good Company all with their Hats off, and Arms spread, offering the Door to each other. After many Offers, they enter'd with much Solemnity, in the Order Mr. *Thrifty* was so kind as to name 'em to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-Door, and I saw my old Friend Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the Respect due to so reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my Sense of a Person who remains idle in the same Place for half a Century. I got him with great Success into his Chair by the Fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-Batchelor told me, he had a great Respect for my whole Family, and would, with my Leave, place himself next to Sir *Harry*, at whose Right Hand he had sat at every Quarter-Sessions this Thirty Years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the Rear whisper'd the young Templer, That's true to my Knowledge. I had the Misfortune, as they stood Cheek by Jole, to desire the simple Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small Satisfaction of the former, and Resentment of the latter: But I saw my Error too late, and got 'em as soon as I could into their Seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great Honour, I am to desire you to drink a Dish of Tea. They answer'd one and all, That they never drank Tea in a Morning. Not in a Morning, said I! staring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick. Doubt* tipp'd me the Wink, and put out his Tongue at his Grandfather. Here follow'd a profound Silence, when the Steward in his Boots and Whip propos'd, that we should adjourn to some Publick House, where every body might call for what they pleas'd, and enter upon the Business. We all stood up in an Instant, and Sir *Harry* fil'd off from the Left very discreetly, counter-marching behind the Chairs towards the Door: After him, Sir *Giles* in the same Manner. The simple Squire made a sudden Start to follow; but the Justice of the *Quorum* whipp'd between upon the Stand of the Stairs. A Maid going up with Coals made us halt, and put us into such Confusion, that we stood all in a Heap, without any visible Possibility of recovering our Order: For the young Jackanapes seem'd to make a Jest of this Matter, and had so contriv'd, by pressing amongst us under Pretence of making Way, that his Grandfather was got into the Middle, and he knew no body was of Quality to stir a Step, till Sir *Harry* mov'd first. We were fix'd in this Perplexity for some Time, till we heard a very loud Noise in the Street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make 'em more, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without Order or Ceremony, till we got into the Street, where we drew up in very good Order, and fil'd off down *Sheer-lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a String, and pointing to his Acquaintance who pass'd by. I must confess I love to use People according to their own Sense of good Breeding, and therefore whipp'd in between the Justice and the simple Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer should take Place of him, tho' an elder Squire. In this Order we march'd down *Sheer-lane*, at the upper End of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a Run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this Side the Street: However we all at last landed, and drew up in very good Order before *Ben. Tooke*'s Shop, who favour'd our rallying with great Humanity. From hence we proceeded

ceeded again, 'till we came to *Dick*'s Coffee-houſe, where I deſign'd to carry 'em. Here we were at our old Difficulty, and took up the Street upon the ſame Ceremony. We proceeded through the Entry, and were ſo neceſſarily kept in Order by the Situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-houſe it ſelf, where, as ſoon as we arriv'd, we repeated our Civilities to each other; after which, we march'd up to the high Table, which has an Aſcent to it incloſ'd in the Middle of the Room. The whole Room was alarm'd at this Entry, made up of Perſons of ſo much State and Ruſticity. Sir *Harry* call'd for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer*'s Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an Inſtant; but ſaid, they did not take in the Letter. No, (ſays Sir *Harry!*) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good Liquor at this Houſe. Here the Templer tipp'd me a Second Wink, and if I had not look'd very grave upon him, I found he was diſpos'd to be very familiar with me. In ſhort, I obſerv'd after a long Pauſe, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon Buſineſs till after their Morning-Draught, for which Reaſon I call'd for a Bottle of Mum; and finding that had no Effect upon 'em I order'd a Second, and a Third: After which, Sir *Harry* reach'd over to me, and told me in a low Voice, That the Place was too publick for Buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to Morrow Morning, at my own Lodgings, and bring ſome more Friends with him.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 26.

Though this Place is frequented by a more mix'd Company than it us'd to be formerly, yet you meet very often ſome whom one cannot leave without being the better for their Converſation. A Gentleman this Evening, in a dictating Manner, talk'd I thought very pleaſingly in Praiſe of Modeſty, in the midſt of Ten or Twelve Libertines, upon whom it ſeem'd to have had a good Effect: He repreſented it as the certain Indication of a great and noble Spirit. Modeſty, ſaid he, is the Virtue which makes Men prefer the Publick to their Private Intereſt, the Guide of every honeſt Undertaking, and the great Guardian of Innocence: It makes Men amiable to their Friends, and reſpected by their very Enemies. In all Places, and on all Occaſions, it attracts Benevolence, and demands Approbation. One might give Inſtances out of Antiquity of the irreſiſtible Force of this Quality in great Minds: *Cicereius*, and *Cneius Scipio* the Son of the great *Africanus*, were Competitors for the Office of Prætor. The Crowd followed *Cicereius*, and left *Scipio* unattended. *Cicereius* ſaw this with much Concern, and deſiring an Audience of the People, he deſcended from the Place where the Candidates were to ſit, in the Eye of the Multitude, pleaded for his Adverſary, and with an ingenuous Modeſty, (which it is impoſſible to feign) repreſented to 'em, how much it was to their Diſhonour, that a virtuous Son of *Africanus* ſhould not be preferr'd to him, or any other Man whatſoever. This immediately gain'd the Election for *Scipio*; but all the Compliments and Congratulations upon it were made to *Cicereius*. It is eaſier in this Caſe to ſay who had the Office, than the Honour. There is no Occurrence in Life, where this Quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the Battle of *Pharſalia*, *Pompey* marching towards *Lariſſus*, the whole People of that Place came out in Proceſſion to do him Honour. He thank'd the Magiſtrates for their Reſpect to him; but deſir'd them to perform theſe Ceremonies to the Conqueror. This gallant Submiſſion to his Fortune, and Diſdain of making any Appearance but like *Pompey*, was owing to his Modeſty, which would not permit him to be ſo diſingenuous, as to give himſelf the Air of Proſperity, when he was in the contrary Condition. This I ſay of Modeſty, as it is the Virtue which preſerves a Decorum in the general Courſe of our Life; but conſidering it alſo as it regards our meer Bodies, it is the certain Character of a great Mind. It is memorable of the mighty *Cæſar*, that when he was murder'd in the Capitol, at the very Moment in which he expir'd, he gather'd his Robe about him, that he might fall in a decent Poſture. In this Manner (ſays my Author) he went off, not like a Man that departed out of Life, but a Deity that return'd to his Abode.

Advertiſements.

*** **Whereas Propoſals were ſome Time ſince publiſh'd,** for printing all the Works of Mr. Sam. Johnſon, Author of Julian the Apoſtate; This is to inform all Gentlemen who are willing to incourage the ſaid Work, that it is now in the Preſs, and will certainly be publiſh'd in February next. It is to contain 130 Sheets. Price to Subſcribers 12 s. in Quires, 7 paying for 6; the large Paper 18 s. Subſcriptions are taken by A. Bell in Cornhil, J. Darby in Bartholomew-Cloſe, E. Sanger at the Poſt-houſe in Fleetſtreet, and other Booksellers. N. B. They who expect the Benefit of the Subſcription, muſt be ſpeedy, there being but a very ſmall Number printed.

*** **The famous Medicine for curing the Cholick,** that has for ſome Time been ſold by Mr. Rogers, Bookſeller in Fleetſtreet, at 2 s. and 6 d. the Paper, has lately cur'd a Gentlewoman near Tunbridge of above 70 Years old, who had been afflicted with that Diſtemper at Times for above 40 Years, and for above half a Year laſt paſt had it without any Intermiſſion, as appears by a Letter from a Friend of the Gentlewoman's ſent to Mr. Rogers, dated July 9. 1709. which is to be ſeen at his Shop by any one that deſires it.

*** **The Moſt Noble Volatile Smelling-Bottle in the World,** which ſmell'd to, Momentarily ſerches the moſt diſmal Fainting, or Swooning Fits, and in a Minute removes Fluſhings, Vapours, Duſneſs, Head-Ach, Megrims, &c. It takes off all Heavy Sleepineſs, retards Swoonings, keeps up the Spirits to a Miracle; and by its Uſe admits of no Faintings, but invigorates and enlivens the whole Man, recreates and makes chearful although never ſo ſad, and in a Moment raiſes all the ſenſitive Faculties. It's alſo to be taken inwardly by Drops, which effectually takes off and eradicates the very Cauſe; for it potently relieves, comforts, and ſtrengthens the Brain, creates and corroborates a Stomach, removes Sickneſs from it, helps Digeſtion, cleanſes the Blood; and in a Word, is the greateſt Cephalick, Stomatick, Hepatick, and powerful Aromatick poſſible; therefore is extream neceſſary for all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. always to be carried in their Pockets. Is only ſold at Mr. King's, Picture-ſhop, in the Poultry, and at Mr. Overton's, at the Golden-Buck, Picture-ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. and 6. d. each, with printed Directions.

☞ **The famous Chimical Quinteſſence of Bohee-Tea and** Cocoa-Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil, and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Virtues of both Tea and Nut are eſſentially inherent, and is really a pleaſant, refreſhing Preparation, found, upon Experience, to be the higheſt Reſtorative that either Food or Phyſick affords; for by it all Conſumptive Habits, Decays of Nature, inward Waſtings, weakly, thin, or emaciated Conſtitutions, Coughs, Aſthma's, Phtiſicks, Loſs of Appetite, &c. are to a Miracle retriev'd, and the Body, Blood, and Spirits, powerfully corroborated and reſtored. A few Drops of it, in a Diſh of Bohee-Tea or Chocolate, is the moſt deſirable Breakfaſt or Supper, and outvies, for Virtue and Nouriſhment, Twenty Diſhes of either without it; nothing being more nutritive and ſupporting. Likewiſe to ſtrengthen the Back, prevent Miſcarriages, cauſe Procreation and Conception, it is beyond all Medecine, as thoſe that take it once will find, and ſcarce ever live without it. It is alſo the only ſure Cure for Vapours and Melancholy; for thoſe Diſeaſes being occaſion'd by the Poorneſs of the Blood and Spirits, this Quinteſſence cures, by its enriching and enlivening Properties. Is ſold only at Mr. Laurence's, a Toy-ſhop, at the Sign of the Griffin, the Corner of Bucklersbury, in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with printed Directions.

The only True Purging Eſſential Salt of Scurvy-Graſs, the pleaſanteſt Phyſick in the World, which effectually eradicates that reigning Diſeaſe: It purges gently by Stool, never vomits, but works pleaſant, free, and eaſie, without Sickneſs, or almoſt any Diſorder: It cools and refreſhes Nature, cleanſes the Body and Blood of all Filth, corroborates both, invigorates the Spirits, reſtores loſt Stomachs, carries off the Remains of bad Wines, and is immediately neceſſary on all Occaſions that require Purging: It's needleſs to ſay, it cures the Scurvy, Gout, Rheumatiſm, Dropſie, Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, Hypocondriac Melancholy, &c. for it opens all Obſtructions of the Liver, Spleen, and Gall, powerfully reſiſts Putrefaction, is Diuretick, helps Digeſtion, kills Worms, and brings them away both in Children and adult Perſons. Is only Sold by Mr. Harriſſon, at a Wax-Chandler's at the White-Hart in the Poultry; and at Mrs. Cole's, at the Dial and Two Crowns, Toy-ſhop, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; at 1 s. an Ounce, ſeal'd up with printed Directions.